

... THE ...

Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."--Luke xxii: 32.

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EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The movement for religious freedom and emancipation from Rome of the Polish people, which is related at considerable length in this CONVERTED CATHOLIC, has assumed a new form in the Macedonian cry which comes from the Independent Polish Catholics of Cleveland through their Pastor, Rev. A. F. Kolaszewski. His visit to New York has gained for the cause many influential friends, and we believe a forward movement will be inaugurated by him in the near future that will bring those people into closer touch with our American Christianity. They are uncultured people who express in a vigorous manner their indignation at the unjust treatment by the Roman bishops. But they can be Christianized if the proper means be adopted. While the Gospel message is carried on the wings of love by our noble army of missionaries who sail from our shores to distant lands, the heathen at home of Rome's making should not be neglected. For the past few years the daily press reports tell of the quarrels between the Roman bishops and the Polish priests and people. Now the latter are ready to break away forever from their inhuman masters if a helping hand be extended to them. We

bespeak the sympathetic interest of American Christians for Father Kolaszewski and his people who have stood by him so faithfully for the last two years. After several days' intercourse with him at Christ's Mission and hearing him preach at Masonic Temple we believe in his sincere desire to lead his people into the fold of Christ.

Father Kolaszewski at Christ's Mission.

The work of Christ's Mission greatly impressed Father Kolaszewski. He saw that it was not only a home for priests who fly from the superstitious doctrines and unholy practices of the Roman Catholic Church to learn the Christian way of life and be fitted for useful careers, especially in the field of evangelization of their brethren according to the flesh to whom they had ministered as mediators, sacrificers and absolving machines. But he also met many Roman Catholics and converts from Rome who daily frequent the mission for conference, counsel, comfort and strength. He was greatly interested in their testimonies for Christ and against the evils of Romanism. It was a new experience for him, as all his associations in the past have been with Roman Catholics.

Usefulness of Christ's Mission.

Father Kolaszewski was present also when the good treasurer of Christ's Mission, Mrs. William Campbell, called with a check for one thousand dollars which had been placed in her hands by a lady of this city who wishes to see the debt of \$10,000 on the Mission building paid this year and has taken this practical step towards the fulfillment of her desire. The good Polish priest had previously contributed five dollars from his own scanty treasury towards the same object, and if he had more he would have cheerfully given it. He said there should be an institution like Christ's Mission in the chief cities of the United States where priests who cannot play the hypocrite in the comedy of Rome's religion could find a refuge, a resting place and a school of instruction in the religion of Christ, and where the people, who in such large numbers are losing faith in Rome's doctrines, could learn the way of salvation as revealed in the Word of God and exemplified in the lives of the Christians whom they see on all sides doing the will of God and rejoicing in the assurance of union with Him. Such a Mission, Father Kolaszewski said, would attract the honest priests and devout people in all our large cities. He emphasized the fact that Catholics of all nationalities in this country are losing faith in the doctrines of Rome. The superstitious element still clings to the outward forms and ceremonies, but the thinking and intelligent class is fast becoming infidel. This is the history of the Roman Church in Europe and South America. It will be the history of Romanism in this country—like causes producing like results—if the truths of the Gospel be not presented to the Catholic people. There is, therefore, need of special work in this field of Christian labor, such as Christ's Mission is doing, and it should be sustained.

Chaplain McCabe's Kindness.

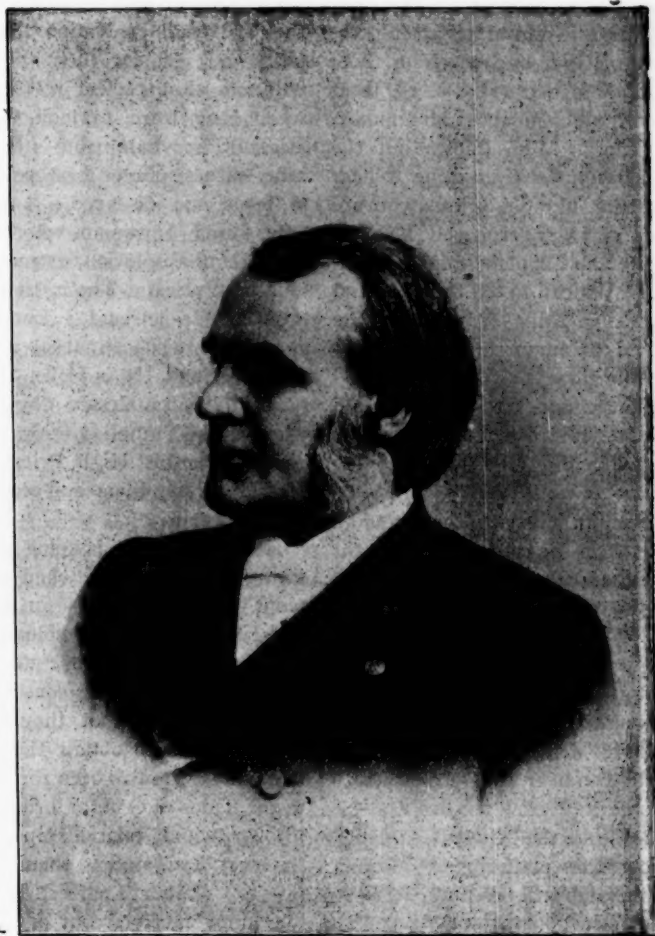
The presence of Chaplain McCabe on the platform at the services in Masonic Temple was in itself a benediction to the congregation that welcomed him. As our readers look upon his noble countenance in the next page they will participate in the happiness we enjoyed. But while they behold the leonine head, indicating power and strength, and the benevolent face that expresses the emotions of the heart, they cannot see the bright light of the eye and the sweet smile of the lips that have won the admiration and love of all who have been privileged to know him. Contemporary Christian history tells what Dr. McCabe has done for the cause of Christ. There have been many great men in the Methodist Church since the days of Wesley, and the present generation shows the increasing strength of that mighty force in winning souls for Christ. But there is only one Chaplain McCabe, the great worker, the sweet singer, and the beloved man. His kindness to those who have come out of the darkness of Romanism into the light of the Gospel has been unvaried since first we had the happiness of making his acquaintance, and in this the noble lady who has made him happy as a wife has shared. Mrs. McCabe's interest in the work we are doing has been manifested many times by her presence at our services in Christ's Mission and Masonic Temple, and she accompanied the Chaplain when he preached for us last month. Millions of Methodists are blessing Dr. McCabe for his work's sake. Not less fervently do the converted Catholics bless him and pray for his happiness and long life of usefulness in the highest position in the great Church which he has done so much to build up. As he is still in the prime of manhood his best days are yet to come. Let all our readers join us in the prayer: God bless Chaplain McCabe!

REFORMED CATHOLIC SERVICES IN MASONIC TEMPLE.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, PASTOR, 142 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK.

A DELIGHTFUL surprise awaited the congregation in Masonic Temple, Sunday evening, April 5, when the Rev. C. C. McCabe, D.D., the great secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church that

long desired to attend the meetings in Masonic Temple, but his time is so fully occupied in his work as Senior Secretary of the great Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church that



REV. C. C. McCABE, D. D.

the Methodist Episcopal Church, entered the Temple and was escorted to the platform by Pastor O'Connor. Dr. McCabe—who is known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the well-beloved "Chaplain McCabe"—has

his visits to the New York pulpits are few and far between. He is in constant demand for sermons and addresses in every Methodist Church from Maine to Texas and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the Methodists of Europe

are as anxious to hear and see him as their brethren in the United States. The Rev. Dr. Burt, the Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Italy, earnestly hopes that the time will soon come when the beloved Chaplain can visit that country and preach and sing the Gospel to them that are in Rome and, like the Apostle Paul, receive all that may come to him while "preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him." Who knows but the Pope and Cardinals might come to hear him incognito, like the priests who are to be seen at every service in Masonic Temple; or the Chaplain might be invited to the Vatican to tell the Pope and his court some things concerning the Lord Jesus? Stranger things have happened. The Pope is credited with good common sense and tact, and he could give no better evidence of the possession of this quality than by listening to the Chaplain. He would derive more benefit from such an interview than from all the conferences he could have with the kings of the earth and diplomatists regarding the restoration of his temporal power. When Dr. McCabe goes to Rome to preach the Gospel, the Pastor of Christ's Mission, if living and able to get across the ocean, will be in his suite and will write a letter to the Pope inviting him to hear the Good News.

CHAPLAIN M'CABE'S ADDRESS.

But meantime the beloved chaplain is sitting on the platform in Masonic Temple this Sabbath evening, April 5, and with a benevolent countenance that is wreathed in smiles is listening to the introduction of "Father" O'Connor (as he dubs the pastor), and at its conclusion delivers the following address:

My dear friends. On my way home from another meeting, passing Masonic Temple, I thought I would step in to see how Father O'Connor was getting

along. I wonder how he discovered me so quickly and invited me to the platform. I am in hearty sympathy with the work he is doing. I have observed it and watched its progress with great interest these many years, and I wish it most hearty Godspeed. There are many good Catholics who, as good Christians, I know are concerned about their eternal salvation, and desire peace and rest for their souls. They will find that perfect rest and peace when they learn to look to the One High Priest whose name is Jesus. This is my earnest prayer for them, to come to Jesus and be saved. A missionary lady found a woman who, fearing to die without absolution, entreated her to send for a priest. The missionary said: "Oh, my dear friend, I know of only one Priest who can absolve you from your sins, and He is Jesus, the Son of God." What a blessed day it will be when all the Catholics know that they can come to this High Priest and that He will forgive them and receive them unto Himself.

Father O'Connor is doing a wonderful work. I have watched the movement with great interest for many years and I know that the whole purpose of his life is bent upon this: to bring our Catholic friends to the consciousness of the great truth, that they may go directly to Jesus to obtain the pardon of their sins. He has been the instrument in the hands of God of bringing many into personal relationship with the Saviour, and among them not a few priests. Father Lambert (whom Mr. O'Connor received out of the Roman Church two years ago) wrote to me only a few days ago from Kingston, Jamaica, where he is pastor of a Wesleyan church and a blessing to the whole community, a thoroughly converted man, and the Lord will use him greatly to His glory.

There is a great religious movement

among Catholics here and everywhere. Even in Rome, the wonderful new era has set in. We dedicated there last year a great building that embraces a church, a publication office, a printing press and a school. We have in that school now four hundred boys, from whom, with God's blessing, many preachers of the Gospel to the Italian people will come forth.

Four grandsons of the great General Garibaldi are among the pupils of our school, and they also may be preachers of the Gospel. And this is only the work of the Methodist Church. There are other religious bodies also at work in Rome. Only a quarter of a century ago, you could not carry into Rome a Testament in your valise which would not be at once confiscated. Now we are printing there Bibles and Testaments and sending them all over Italy. Thus we see that there are wonderful changes in the world in our day. Some time ago I wrote to the Pope about our work in Italy and our new building in Rome, telling him what a good time we shall have when he comes down from his Vatican palace to see us and to preach to us. And I suggested to him that he should take his text from the second chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians:

By grace ye are saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the Gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.

Now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.

Therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God;

And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone;

In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord:

In whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit.

I would like to hear the Pope's sermon from the text: "CHRIST, THE CHIEF CORNER STONE." On the day

when he preaches such a sermon all Christendom will rejoice, and we will join hands in brotherly love; and I shall sing with all my heart Charles Wesley's hymn:

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

In the meantime, dear friends, we are spreading the light of the Gospel everywhere, even in Rome, where it has been suppressed for many centuries, and I believe the day will come when that old papal chair will fall, and the Word of God contained in the Bible shall rule over the minds and hearts of the people instead of papal dogmas.

Chaplain McCabe's Advice to the Pope.

[This article first appeared in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for March, 1889, and is now reprinted by request of many friends.]

I wonder if the Pope would receive a little counsel from a Methodist preacher? If so, here it is:

Be quiet, Pope! The world has slipped by you. The nations that are free from your yoke will never put it on again, and they mean to see that all nations, and kindreds, and tribes, and tongues shall have the same liberty they enjoy. "Peter, put up thy sword." The Master told you that long ago. You have used that sword more against the friends than against the foes of Christ. The nations built upon the truth of God have grown too mighty for your control. You cannot convince them, for you have no argument, no logic, and no success in nation-building to enforce the sophistry of what you call argument. You cannot compel them, for the military power of the world has passed into Protestant hands. The effort to regain it for Rome has cost you dear. Remember Maximilian and the Empire of Mexico. Austria has had her Sadowa; France has had her Sedan. Buy no more wisdom at such a price. Neither France, nor Spain, nor Portugal, nor Austria, nor Mexico, nor the South American Republics, all combined, can restore to your feeble hand the fallen sceptre of the Papal States. The attempt to do that will seal the doom of the Papacy in Rome itself. The causes you have blessed have been cursed, and the causes you have cursed have been blessed. Heaven fails to ratify either your anathemas or your benedictions. The stars in their courses fight against you. The breath of life has been breathed into the nations. The pandemonium of Rome must give place to the kingdom which is not of this world. Be quiet, therefore. Fall into line! Give the people the Bible. Ask the next Council to take back its silly decree of Papal infallibility, which every sensible man on earth ridicules. You are nothing but a man, and you know it; and all the fawning flattery of the world cannot make you believe that you are anything more than a poor

ignorant mortal like the rest of us. What is the use of keeping up this comedy any longer? Three hundred years ago when the Armada sailed it was high tragedy. Times have changed, and it is getting to be low comedy now. Three hundred years ago there were only 7,000,000 of English-speaking people; now there are 120,000,000 of them, and as sure as the sun shines in the heavens this race will victoriously preserve civil and religious liberty for themselves and for all mankind. Be quiet! The soul of John Huss is marching on!—~~CONVERTED CATHOLIC.~~

The Methodist Building in Rome.

Speaking of the magnificent Methodist building in Rome, Chaplain McCabe said last year:

Some day we can hold a General Conference of European Methodism in that building, and have a glorious love-feast in Rome where the peoples and nations can all sit down as in "a heavenly place in Christ Jesus," and tell to each other the story of redeeming love.

The Pope in his encyclical on Christian unity last year bewailed the fact that the Protestants have entered Rome. Ah, yes, Leo! and the Methodists at that. We are coming to make you and your successors a long, long visit. The fact is, we never go away. We are coming to give Italy the Gospel—the real Gospel—the Gospel that Paul and Luther and Wesley preached. It will do your own soul good to hear a rousing Methodist hallelujah once in a while. I verily believe you would enjoy it. You ask us to come back to the fold. We thought we were in the Master's fold already, but if you will give up all the dogmas of the Roman Church which have no warrant in Scripture, and then give your people the Holy Bible to read for themselves, we will form an alliance with you to bring the whole world to Christ in one generation.

❧ CONVERTS FROM ROME. ❧

LADY O'HAGAN'S CONVERSION.

A FEW years ago Lord O'Hagan was the foremost Roman Catholic layman in Ireland. He had been a leader of the bar when he was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's Government. His elevation marked a new era in the history of Ireland, as he was the first Roman Catholic appointed to that office since the Reformation of the sixteenth century. All the members of his family were Roman Catholics; and readers of the Nun of Kenmare's books, "The Story of My Life," and her "Autobiography," will remember Miss O'Hagan, Lord O'Hagan's sister, as the superioress of the Kenmare Convent where Miss Cusick by her literary and charitable work acquired her distinction as "The Nun of Kenmare."

Lord O'Hagan's wife was a Miss Towneley, a member of one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in England that had passed through the Reformation without surrendering their allegiance to Rome. From her family connections and her position as wife of the Lord Chancellor she was the representative of the Roman Catholic Church in the highest ranks of society. But now she has left the Roman Church, and her children, the present Lord O'Hagan, who is a minor, and her two daughters, have renounced Romanism with her. The announcement of Lady O'Hagan's conversion appeared in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for November, 1895, and now we are able to add some interesting details.

From the London *St. James's Gazette*, we learn that considerable astonishment has been aroused in Roman Catholic circles by the announcement that Lady O'Hagan, widow of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, has cast off her allegi-

ance to the Papacy, and adopted the tenets of the Plymouth Brethren. Her ladyship was co-heiress of the late Col. Towneley, with her sisters Lady Abingdon and Lady Alexander Gordon-Lennox, and a very large slice of the Lancashire estates, together with Towneley and Bancroft Halls, were settled upon her absolutely when she married in 1871. It is understood that Lady O'Hagan has given instructions for the sale of the whole of the land and for the pulling down of the convent supported by the Towneley family for many generations. The residences, however, are to be retained. The present Lord O'Hagan is a minor, and will not come of age until the close of the century.

THE HOLY LAMP EXTINGUISHED.

The *Westminster Gazette* refers to an interesting incident in connection with the extraordinary conversion of Lady O'Hagan, her son and daughters from the Roman Catholic Church, and their entry into the communion of the Plymouth Brethren. Lady O'Hagan belongs to the Towneley family, one of the oldest Catholic families in England. In the chapel at the family residence, "the lamp of the sanctuary" was lighted, according to tradition, at the introduction of Christianity into England, and it has been kept burning ever since till recently. On Lady O'Hagan's leaving the Catholic Church the burning of the lamp became a superstitious observance, and it has been allowed to go out. This, it is said, is the first occasion that any member of the Towneley family has left the Catholic Church.

ANOTHER PRIEST CONVERTED.

The conversion of another Italian priest is also announced. All the Venetian and Lombardic papers give prominence to the letter written by Don Luigi Mizzi to the Bishop of Vicenza,

in which he announces his secession from the Church of Rome and his union with the Christian Evangelical Church of the Reform. He declares that after prayerful study of the Word of God, "Doubts, that from the beginning of my ministry presented themselves to my mind, have become settled convictions that the truth of the Gospel is to be found, not in the Church of Rome, but in that of the Reform, which is nothing more than a revival of the religion of Christ, as taught by the Divine Saviour and by His apostles." Don Luigi Mizzi was one of the most popular and eloquent of Rome's teachers and preachers in the North of Italy.

INFORM THE NEWSPAPERS.

Many English papers have referred to those conversions from the Roman Catholic Church, but very few of the great dailies of the United States have given the subject any attention whatever. It is a fact that in all the leading newspapers there are many Roman Catholic employes who zealously watch over the interests of their Church and suppress news that would damage it. The Jesuits, Paulists, and other Roman Catholic societies have organizations, with ramifications that extend to the towns and villages, for the publication of leading articles and items of news that show forth their power and strength. Through the agency of this "Apostolate of the Press," the most obscure Protestant becomes an important personage when he turns his back upon Christ and the Bible to kneel before the statues and pictures of "Our Lady," St. Patrick, and the papal bulls. Protestants should take a leaf out of the Jesuits' book and see that the daily papers are informed of the "Twenty Millions Loss" that the Roman Church has sustained in this country, and the daily additions to those millions in the many conversions that are taking place.

We are indebted to our excellent

Scottish contemporary, the Glasgow *Bulwark*, for full notices of the conversion of Lady O'Hagan in its April issue. It also quotes largely from this magazine and kindly refers to it in these words:

"THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC of New York, edited by the Rev. James A. O'Connor, at one time a priest in the Church of Rome, is always worth reading, and Protestants, even on this side of the Atlantic, would get double a dollar's worth if they became subscribers. Mr. O'Connor has gathered around him many former priests of the Church of Rome, and they are doing a great work in New York and elsewhere."

Converted by Reading The Converted Catholic.

From one of the largest cities of Massachusetts comes the following letter:

DEAR BROTHER O'CONNOR:

I have good news for you. After reading THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC I lent it to others to be read by them and they passed it on to other friends. One of the latter handed a copy to a Catholic woman who worked for her. The latter, after glancing at it, said:

"Do you not know that I am a Roman Catholic?"

"Well, even if you are, it will not do you any harm to read that," replied the lady.

The Catholic woman took the copy home with her, and my friend gave her a copy every month for a year. Both she and her husband read them and became more interested each month.

Recently they moved to another city in this State, and a few days ago my friend received a letter from the wife inviting her to come and witness their baptism and reception into the Baptist Church. Husband and wife were both converted by reading THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC, and are now happy in the Lord. Yours in Christ,

MRS. L. E. PEARCE.

DR. POLLACH'S CONVERSION.**THE WORK AMONG CATHOLICS.**

Dr. Paul Pollach addressed a large congregation at the prayer meeting in the Reformed (Dutch) Church, Fifty-seventh street and Madison avenue, Wednesday evening, April 22d. He was introduced by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Abbot E. Kittredge, and said:

It is a privilege to unite my voice with the testimonies of redeemed souls which I have just heard exalting the saving power of Jesus. I also have been called in a wonderful manner to the light. It would be impossible to tell you in this short address what causes brought me to the Roman priesthood, how fervent I was and filled with zeal, and in my enthusiasm thought it my duty to cross the ocean to carry the doctrines of my Church into the heart of China, where I dispensed the rites and ceremonies of Rome to the converts from paganism to the papal system of Christianity, and how I climbed the mountains hunting for a proselyte.

There, isolated from all past associations, the Spirit of God was wrestling with me. Surrounded by dangers, exposed to the persecutions of the pagans and afflicted daily by disappointments and sorrows, I endeavored in all my trials to draw closer to Him, who alone, I believed, could lift me up and strengthen me. I knelt before the crucifix and the statues and pictures of Christ and Mary; I recited the rosary; I invoked the saints and practiced penances. But the more I strove in this way, the more I felt dissatisfied. Finally I realized that I was losing faith in the ceremonies, prayers, formulas, and in my own power to forgive sins. I compared some distinctive doctrines of my own faith with the heathen superstitions around me, and felt that I was in danger of becoming a wicked infidel. I went repeatedly to confession and received absolution, but found

no peace. In the midst of this storm in my soul I was called to Europe for an honorable mission, and there finding it at last impossible to reconcile my conscience with my condition, to continue or return to my calling, I resolved to go to America. I studied medicine in Chicago, where I not only graduated but was completely brought to the personal knowledge of Jesus as my Redeemer. Now I hope to return to China as a physician and a messenger of the Gospel.

I have been asked since frequently, even by Protestant clergymen, "Why did you leave the Church of Rome? You believed in God and in Jesus, His Son, our Saviour, and you were therefore in the way of salvation, and in a position to do good to your fellowmen." Such a view blindly ignores the utter degradation of the Church and the fearful convulsion that preceded and caused the Protestant Reformation in the 16th century. The name Protestant in itself is an eloquent apology for the irresistible uprising of the down trodden conscience of the oppressed and deluded nations of Europe. Now the same causes are still existing; the name Protestant has not lost its significance, for Rome is always the same and never changes.

The people who are still attached to Rome are zealous in their devotions. What they want is to see Jesus, to obtain forgiveness of their sins, to receive the bread of life, to hear the Word of God. But instead of Jesus, they find sacraments, ceremonies, ordinances, traditions and vain rites, which, though performed in the name of Jesus, are vain substitutes for the eternal life that He gives. Saints mediate between the soul and Jesus, and the Saviour Himself appears only as a helpless child in the arms of Mary, or dead on the cross. The Bible is forbidden, and direct access to Christ is impossible.

"You desire your soul's salvation?" says the priest to the sinner. "Come to me. I will baptize you and absolve you and make you a Christian and a member of the Church, out of which you cannot be saved. If you do not come to me, I will close heaven against you and send you to hell, for I have the keys of both places."

Oh, what perversion of the plan of salvation! Christ says: "Come to Me and I will give you rest;" but a man with polluted hands and lips who says, "Come to me," steps between the immortal soul and its Saviour.

Faith in Christ is taught in the Church of Rome, but it is covered, like a spark, by the ashes of superstition and supererogation, so that the ashes alone are visible. Christ is not living in the soul. He is far outside and must be brought in constantly by sacraments and ceremonies.

The Roman Church as governed by the hierarchy, is not a Christian organization, but a political machine, associating with the powers of this world in order to obtain its unscrupulous purposes. The Protestant faith is naturally tolerant and liberal and the Roman hierarchy takes advantage of it. But Protestants ought to be mindful of their name, especially in this country of freedom. Romanism and Protestantism are two correlative forces; the rise of one means the downfall and ruin of the other. Guard and preserve, therefore, jealously your precious liberty with which Christ has made you free, and throw an eye of compassion and sympathy upon the ten millions of Roman Catholics in this country.

A glorious work for the enlightenment and conversion of Catholics has been carried on for eighteen years in this city by Rev. James A. O'Connor, a former priest, now pastor of Christ's Mission, No. 142 West Twenty-first street. Thousands of Roman Catholics,

reached both by his preaching and by the Monthly Magazine, *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, are yearly converted and brought into the light and liberty of the Gospel. Oh, pray for this work, that the Lord might bless it and increase it, and that it may become a powerful instrument for the salvation of many souls.

Dr. Kittredge warmly expressed his pleasure at Dr. Pollach's address and heartily recommended the work among the Roman Catholics as a duty incumbent upon American Christians. Such a work should have a place in the missionary enterprises of the day, and the success that has attended the efforts already put forth gives hope of greater results in the future.

ROME'S TWENTY MILLIONS LOSS.

It will be remembered that Miss M. T. Elder of New Orleans, a niece of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, and a devoted Roman Catholic, said in a paper read at the Catholic Congress in Chicago, in 1893, and first published in full in Archbishop Elder's paper, the *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*, Feb. 1, 1894, that the Roman Catholic Church in the United States had lost 20,000,000 of souls during the present century. As some foolish Roman priests and bishops deny this, we reproduce her statement in part as follows:

"There is many an eloquent voice here to exploit our successes, our gains, our growth, our progress, our grandeur—and all that. There will be few, if any, to give the needful minor key of our non-success, our losses and our failures. In fact, I feel so utterly alone will be my one small voice that I can scarcely succeed in making it heard at all.

"And yet that the Catholic Church in the United States has met with a loss is admitted by all who have considered

the subject. Those who consider it deeply declare that this loss is heavy. Those who consider it more deeply put the loss up in the millions. And, as Rev. John R. Slattery (of St. Joseph's College, Baltimore, for colored students for the priesthood), that truly apostolic priest, observes: 'The most thoughtful among Catholics do not hesitate to compute this loss at twenty millions.' . . .

"In the country, far from priests and sacraments, Catholic immigrants prosper materially, but spiritually they starve. It is most natural, then, that their descendants, fed only by Protestantism, become exemplary Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc. Hundreds and thousands of our noblest Catholic names are now borne by well-to-do Protestants in the country. . . .

"Why is it that the greatest men of our nation are non-Catholics? It is because the vast majority of these great men are from sturdy rural stock, and the rural stock of the United States is solidly, staunchly Protestant.

"Let us not whine about prejudice and intolerance, anti-papery and secret societies. We are too apt to shove the blame off of ourselves, where it belongs, onto those scapegoats. We gain nothing by this. Let us tell the truth to ourselves. Our inferior position—and it certainly is inferior—is owing greatly, chiefly, almost wholly, to ourselves. The great men of this nation have been and are and will continue to be Protestant. I speak not of wealth, but of brain, of energy, of action, of heart.

"To me there is nothing surprising in the fact that, notwithstanding our two hundred years' Catholicity in this country, we have not yet produced one saint. To me there is nothing surprising in the fact that vocations for the priesthood are so rare among us United States Catholics. I am not surprised that our average young man should be

so flippant, so lacking in real stamina, so indifferent and so prone to mixed marriage. I find nothing surprising in the horrible ravages of intemperance, idling, gambling, sporting and other vices to which our urban poor are addicted.

"What does surprise me is the way we have of eulogizing ourselves—of talking buncombe and spread-eagle, and of giving taffy all 'round. I am sorry to say that I cannot well join in this enlivening pastime. But truly I cannot. When I see how largely Catholicity is represented among the hoodlum element I feel in no spread-eagle mood. When I note how few Catholics are engaged in honestly tilling the honest soil and how many Catholics are engaged in the liquor traffic I cannot talk buncombe to anybody. When I observe the increasing power and ascendancy of the Jews; when I see the superior vigor, originality and opportuneness of Protestant lay charities, over similar attempts on our part; when I observe the immense success and influence of secret societies, even here (New Orleans), the most Catholic city of the Union, I have no heart for taffy-giving.

"When I reflect that out of the seventy millions of this nation we number only nine millions, and that out of that nine millions so large a proportion is made up of poor factory hands, poor mill and shop and mine and railroad employees, poor government clerks, I fail to find material for buncombe or spread-eagle or taffy-giving.

"And who can look at our past history and feel proud of our present status? Let us consider the presidency, for instance. Have we ever had a Catholic President? Ever come near having one? Ever even had a Catholic candidate? Ever likely to have one? Oh, never! We lack that element from which our worthiest presidents come—a sturdy, intelligent rural class."

WHAT IS PROTESTANTISM?

BY JOHN BORLAND FINLAY, PH. D., LL. D., D. C. L., NEW YORK.

II.

THE FRUITS OF PROTESTANTISM.

First—It promotes Intelligence.

Seventy-six years before the date of this famous Protest the Greek Empire was overthrown and Constantinople was captured by the Turks in 1453.

The Greek and Oriental Churches suffered severely under the new regime. Western Europe reaped largely from the occasion. The learned Greeks, who were fortunate to escape from the vanquished, spread over the western part of the Continent, and became teachers of their own language at the different seats of learning, such as Bologna, Paris, Oxford, and other parts, and wherever they went they gradually created a taste for the culture of Greek and Oriental literature, painting, sculpture, and the fine arts.

The Roman clergy were not generally acquainted with the literature and culture of the Greeks; and so ignorant were they, that they considered the Greek language a newly invented tongue.

The Doctors of *The Sorbonne*, a distinguished Roman Catholic Theological Seminary at Paris, condemned the study of both Greek and Hebrew. The language of one of its professors to his students was, "Greek, my dear hearers, is a newly invented language hitherto unknown, and as for Hebrew, it is very certain that all who learn it immediately become Jews." Such was the condition of literary attainment possessed at the chief seat of learning for the Roman priesthood at the dawn of the Reformation.

Buchanan, the historian of Scotland, informs us that in 1545, when extremely severe laws were enacted against the reading of the New Testament in that Kingdom, such was the blindness of the

priests, that many of them scandalized at the term "New," maintained that it was a dangerous book lately written by Martin Luther, and cried out, "We will have no New Testament; give us the Old one!"

When Thomas Forrest, called Dean Thomas, or the Vicar of Dollar, in Scotland, was examined before the Bishop of Dunkeld on a charge of heresy, for which he was afterwards burned, the charge being that he ventured to preach from the Gospel, or Epistle, for the day, and had shown the mysteries of the Scriptures to the people in their own language, so as to make the rest of the clergy detestible in their sight, the following interchange of sentiment took place:

"My joy, Dean Thomas," said the Bishop, "I love you well, and therefore I must give you my counsel how you shall rule and guide yourself." "I thank your lordship heartily," replied the Dean. "My joy, Dean Thomas," continued the Bishop, "I am informed that you preach the Epistle or Gospel every Sunday to the parishioners, and that you take not the cow, nor the uppermost cloth from your parishioners, which thing is very prejudicial to the churchmen. My joy, it is too much to preach every Sunday, for so doing you may make the people think we should preach likewise. But it is enough for you when you find any good epistles, or any good gospel that setteth forth the rights of the holy Church, to preach that, and let the rest be." "Truly, my lord," said the Vicar, "I have read the New Testament, and the Old, and all the epistles and gospels, and among them all I never found any evil epistle, or evil gospel; but if your lordship will show me the good and the evil epistles and gospels, then I will

preach the good and omit the evil." "I thank God," replied the Bishop with great vehemence, "I have lived long, these many years, and never knew either the Old or New Testament; therefore, Dean Thomas, I will know nothing but my Portuist and Pontifical."

From this saying, a proverb arose in Scotland, which is applied to persons grossly ignorant: "Ye are like the Bishop of Dunkeld that kent neither the new law, nor the auld."

The ignorance of the priesthood was proverbial—Baronius relates, that one of them baptized a child—"In nomine, patria, et filia, et spiritus, sancta"—which was approved of by the reigning pope, though it showed the grossest ignorance of the rudiments of Latin.

In the year 1513 there were only 35 publications in existence, or rather issued from the press, and only 37 in 1517 when Luther nailed his 95 theses to the door of his church, at Wittenberg; but during the ensuing six years one hundred and eighty-three treatises were published by Luther, while only twenty-two publications made their appearance from the entire Roman Catholic world.

The Sacred Scriptures since that time have been annually multiplied into millions of issues. Polite literature has been cultivated, national systems of education have been established, and a new world of thought and action has appeared.

John Calvin was the father of the common school, at Geneva. From thence it passed down the banks of the Rhine into Prussia, and thence into Holland. It became a favorite among the Huguenots of France. John Knox carried its ideal into Scotland, and the first thing the Reformed Parliament of Scotland did, in 1560, was to establish a school in every parish, and a grammar school in every county, which became

the great feeders of their four Universities, respectively at Glasgow, St. Andrews, Aberdeen and Edinburgh.

Thus Protestantism educates all liberally, the prince and the peasant, the rich and the poor. It shines the more brilliantly, the more light it reflects. Hence it cannot exist with ignorance. It must be intellectual, in order to subsist, or through ignorance it would perish.

Second—The Emancipation of the Sacred Scriptures.

In the year 1229, the Council of Toulouse prohibited the reading of the Scriptures by the laity. In 1270, James I., king of Arragon, passed a law that "Whosoever possessed any book of the Bible in the vulgar tongue and did not bring it to the bishop to be burned should be considered suspected of heresy." In 1409, Pope Alexander V. condemned all translations in the vulgar tongue. In 1413, Gerson, a Roman Catholic bishop, at the Council of Constance, complained that the practice of reading the Scriptures, in the vulgar tongue was still permitted.

The Index Expurgatorius, enacted by the Council of Trent, and approved by Pope Pius IV. in his Bull issued on the 24th of March, 1564, says, "All books condemned by the Supreme Pontiff, or general councils, before the year 1515, and not comprised in the present Index, are nevertheless to be considered as condemned."

"Translations of the Old Testament may also be allowed, but to learned and pious men, at the discretion of the bishop, provided they use them as elucidations of the vulgate version, in order to understand the Holy Scriptures, and not as the sacred text; but translations of the New Testament made by authors of the first class of this Index are allowed to no one, since little advantage, but much danger generally arises from reading them."

Thus Rome fears the light of the Bible, and therefore places her extinguisher upon it.

While Protestantism, on the contrary, places the Bible in the reading desk, and on the pulpit of her churches, reads its sacred teachings to all her people, and brings every doctrine to the law and to the testimony of Divine Revelation. It sends the Bible in millions of copies, in upwards of three hundred languages, to the people of every clime, and exhorts them unhesitatingly to search the Scriptures, for in them they would find the way to everlasting life—fully and clearly revealed.

Third — The Restoration to Apostolical Preaching.

The primitive Christians had the Gospel preached to them by inspired men. After the apostles passed away, for nearly six hundred years, faithful men continued to teach others also. The early preachers—such as Peter, John, Paul, and the other apostles—never called themselves priests, but presbyters, or elders. Peter declares that he was a fellow-elder.

There are certain Greek words in the New Testament which mean sacrificing priests. The word *Hiereus* occurs only six times, and, in every instance, means a Jewish priest—who was a sacrificing priest, while the word *Presbuteros* occurs sixty-seven times, and never signifies a priest of any kind, but either an old man, or an elder, or a presbyter, the majority of whom were the preachers of their respective times, whose sermons were fraught with simplicity, zeal, piety, devotion, and natural eloquence. After a time, the fervor of devotion was supplanted by a cold ritualism, and a still colder morality, which gradually crept into the place of the warm glow of evangelical truth.

The simple preaching of the Gospel began to lose its charms, and in its place prayers compiled in a dead language

became popular. Imposing ceremonies, bowings, crossings, and genuflexions, gradually became more practiced than a correct creed.

An exact and gaudy appearance and a trained performance in religious duties and observances imperceptibly removed the old evangelical services. It was not so much the belief as the mode of external worship which was deemed as constituting religion. It mattered not how really irreligious, immoral, or profane outside the church the individual was known to be, the graceful, expert performance, according to the requisites of the ceremonial worship, made him a saint in the estimation of his observers.

Protestantism removed the mask and exposed to the world's gaze such farcical performances and such scenes of hypocrisy. In a faithful, mental, and spiritual manner, it showed how the life, actions, thought, and religious devotion should correspond with each other in the true worshipper of Jehovah, who requires all to worship Him in spirit and in truth, and to have their walk and conversation and actions inseparably show forth their faith and manners.

Protestantism thus sets forth the realities of true religious devotion. Its preachers do not require particular garments to set forth their godliness. They can enter a hall, a dwelling, or a church, or occupy a place on the sidewalk of a street, and from the Book of God declare unto sinful men the way to life and immortal glory.

It matters not whether the preacher is dressed in a surplice, a black gown, or lawn sleeves, or what is far more apostolical, none of the three; it matters not who the preacher is, or what the preacher wears, only let him be seen—let him speak out—let him not look before him to see who smiles, or behind him to mark who frowns, but let him proclaim God's truth; let him be like Knox, one

who fears not the face of clay; let him speak fearlessly, as in the presence of God; let his words be like Luther's, cannon shot, and his sermons half battles, and he will fear no adversary of Immanuel's Kingdom.

Fourth—The Enlightenment of the Heathen World.

A century ago, missions to the heathen world were little known, but since that time, valuable results have been produced.

The incomes of the different missionary societies of Europe and America are reputed to amount to \$13,500,000, with an additional \$1,500,000 raised by the converts of the native churches. There are 4,000 ordained missionaries in the field, 1,000 laymen, 2,100 unmarried women and 3,500 missionaries' wives.

Of the ordained native pastors and missionaries there are 4,147, with 45,419 unordained native workers.

The stations and out-stations which are occupied number 18,515.

There are 1,030,766 communicants in the native churches; 62,256 have been added last year—about 1,200 each Lord's day.

The mission schools number 19,794, with 860,287 scholars.

The results are encouraging, and in another generation are certain to be on a larger scale—as most of the work heretofore has been of a preparatory character—laying foundations and changing the heathen atmosphere.

Fifth—Religious Freedom and Civil Liberty.

The arbitrary despotism of Emperors, Kings, Princes and other Potentates is wholly foreign to the tenor and spirit of Protestantism. From its great statute book—the Bible—it learns that Christ is King of kings, Lord of lords, and that God has made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth to serve Him, and has determined the times before appointed, and the

bounds of their habitations. It declares that all men are born free and equal, and that no man has a right in a mere hereditary manner to assume authority over his fellowmen without their consent. From the Reformation until the present it has been carrying on one continued warfare against arbitrary usurpation. Witness its noble struggle for civil and religious liberty, during the reign of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, and his son, Philip of Spain; its faithful contendings in France, whereby it lost millions of its people, who perished by guillotine, or the fire, between 1572 and 1685; its noble struggle in Scotland against the usurpation of royalty, from the dawn of the Reformation; its faithful contendings against Charles the First of England, and its glorious Revolution in this country, in 1776, when it shone forth in its meridian brilliancy at the adoption of the American Independence!

More of Bishop McGovern's Letters.

SYLVAN HEIGHTS, Harrisburg, Pa.

August 19, 1895.

Dear Father.—A gentleman, named, I think, K——, of S——, called on me and complained that a bill of house rent for the Sisters in——is due over a year. Please answer why this bill is not paid.

After calling attention to this matter, I have to proceed to a more painful subject, and to offer my solemn protest against you for ventilating your grievance with Rev. J——M——, of S——, in the public press. Letters from the four points of the compass are coming fast on me beseeching me to put a stop to this scandalous controversy between you and said M—— from longer appearing in the newspapers. I hereby, as your Bishop, to whom you owe reverence and obedience [command you] to stop all correspondence with newspapers on this controversy, and I

forbid you from securing through the agency of other parties directly or indirectly, any correspondence in public print relative to the case. This command binds you under pain of suspension *in sacris and ecclesiastical* emoluments, and takes effect on the receipt of this letter.

At an early date, we will institute a canonical investigation to determine the dispute between you and Rev. J—— M——. Yours in Christ,
†THOS. MCGOVERN, Bp. of Harrisburg.

Roman Catholics, even at a distance, had been scandalized at the spectacle of two priests in Harrisburg reviling each other in the daily press, and had complained to Bishop McGovern and begged him to stop it. On the same day that he wrote the above letter to the priest—who was the innocent party in the controversy—he addressed the following letter to two laymen:

SYLVAN HEIGHTS, Harrisburg, Pa.
August 19, 1865.

MESSRS. N—— C—— AND
A—— P——.

Kind Sirs:—I acknowledge your letter, mailed on the 13th inst., and I return you my sincere thanks for the information you have given me. I regret exceedingly that these two priests have so far forgotten themselves, even as gentlemen, much less than (*sic*) priests, as to engage in a newspaper controversy and wash and dry their dirty linen (*sic*) in public. I will endeavor to find the guilty party and proceed against him. I am gratefully

Your servant in Christ,

† THOMAS MCGOVERN,

Bishop of Harrisburg.

The "guilty" priest was evidently discovered, and he was found to be the poorest of the two fighting priests and consequently could be more safely punished. So the following letter was sent to him:

SYLVAN HEIGHTS, Harrisburg, Pa.
December 11, 1895.

Rev. ———: —Patience can no longer endure you (*sic*) to exercise priestly faculties under my jurisdiction. Your sojourn in this diocese has been disedifying and scandalous; and compels me to suspent (*sic*) you and withdraw all your priestly faculties; which act takes effect immediately upon the delivery of this letter. You may remain in the house till Saturday, December 14, 1895, at twelve oclock (*sic*) noon: then hand over the keys of house and church; books and other property belonging to the church to Rev. A. M——.

If you disregard my action in this matter the civil authority will take you in custody.

†THOS. MCGOVERN, Bp. of Harrisburg.

We publish the letters verbatim and literatim to show that Bishop McGovern is an illiterate man. It will be seen that the punctuation is incorrect, and that the words "oclock" and "sus-pent" are spelled as here printed.

Apart from the question of ecclesiastical discipline, with which we are not concerned, it would be a good thing if McGovern would "sus-pent" all the priests in his diocese—it is a monstrous outrage that such an illiterate and brutal man as McGovern should have the power to send a priest out into the world in this manner. While that priest continued to send money to Bishop McGovern in liberal contributions for church purposes and for his journey to Rome—*ad limina Apostolorum*—"to the shrines of the Apostles"—he was highly commended for his piety, zeal and efficiency as a faithful shepherd of souls. But when the stream of wealth ceased to flow to "Sylvan Heights," the priest was suspended. The letters previously published show that McGovern is a man of sordid character as well as illiterate.

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT AMONG THE POLISH ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.

WITHIN the last fifteen years, over two millions of Poles have immigrated to this country. They are mostly recruited from the poorest and ignorant classes of the population. At home in Poland, superstitious fear of their spiritual leaders and blind obedience to their mandates kept them in subjection. Bravely they and their fathers had fought with almost indomitable courage for their national liberty, but at last a unique fate enslaved their beloved country and forced them to emigrate in great masses to more hospitable shores. Here, in this land of freedom, their native spirit of liberty has been rekindled, and from Maine to California they begin to hail the star spangled banner as the emblem of their earthly home.

An outcome of this new awakening spirit is a Polish American National Association, numbering at present over 20,000 members, whose object is the general elevation and enlightenment of the Polish people in America. This association has for its object the material and intellectual development of the Polish people. In their religious life they are still enslaved and priestridden. They have not been able to shake off the tyrannical yoke of the Roman priests and bishops, who for centuries past have been their cruel taskmasters at home

and continue to be their oppressors in this land of the free.

But their power will be broken here—and partly has been broken—by the new religious movement, which like a sacred fire is spreading all over the continent and consuming the iniquity of that system which cannot stand before the torch of Divine light.

This movement has been considered by many of our Protestant friends—even by the most intelligent and fair-

thinking—as a mere local difficulty or quarrel between priests and bishops, and consequently the whole Polish people are looked upon as a quarrelsome and unruly element.

But this judgment is evidently based upon misrepresentation and an insufficient knowledge of facts. The Polish people have been enslaved physically, intellectually and morally by the most horrible system of religion which



REV. A. F. KOLASZEWSKI.

could be conceived by the malice and perversion of man, sharing thus the destiny more or less of all Roman Catholic nations. They come to this country and learn what freedom is. They see that, after all, national and physical liberty is not the only desideratum of man on earth, but that also the personal relationship of man to his Creator must form part of his

noblest aspirations and highest development. But such freedom has always been bought by resistance, and even by blood. No wonder, therefore, if the Poles in this country have to fight for their spiritual independence.

This new religious movement counts actually seventeen congregations, with a membership of more than 200,000 souls, who are practically independent of the Roman Church. The object of this movement may be summarized in the following points:

1. The Polish people desire that all their church property, bought by their hard earned money, should belong to them as a congregation, incorporated by the laws of the State, and not to the bishop, as is now the case.

2. All financial affairs and business transactions of the congregation should be in the hands of a committee elected by the whole congregation, and not remain in the hands of the bishop and priests alone.

3. The congregation should have a voice in the church government and have a right to elect or reject their pastor, as all Christian churches do and as the primitive church did.

4. Freedom and liberty in the education of their children, so that the parents should not be forced to send the children to the parochial schools under penalty of being deprived of the sacraments of the Church.

5. A purer and more evangelical preaching and instruction of the people, with the free reading of the Scriptures, instead of the overabounding ceremonial and unchristian worship of Rome.

This religious movement, containing undoubtedly the germs of great future events, was started, in 1894, in Cleveland, Ohio, by the Polish priest, the Rev. A. F. Kolaszewski, and his people.

Father Kolaszewski was born in Poland in 1851, where he commenced his studies before he came to this country in

1873. Here he completed them and was ordained by Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland, in 1883. He then commenced his work as pastor, and it was through his efforts that the congregation of St. Stanislaus, in Cleveland, was organized and one of the grandest Roman Catholic churches in the United States erected. Besides this, through his activity, seven other congregations were organized and provided with church buildings and schools.

As the pastor of the largest congregation in the Cleveland diocese, having more than 3,000 families under his care, Mr. Kolaszewski had naturally great influence in Cleveland. When Bishop Gilmour died, in 1891, great division prevailed among the clergy of the diocese about the election of a successor. The Irish priests wanted an Irish bishop, the Germans a German, and so the names of thirteen candidates for that bone of contention were sent to Rome. But this time the priests did not have the fun and fight alone; the laymen were determined to have a share in it. The candidate of the people was none of those thirteen; their pet was Monsignor Patrick F. Thorpe, pastor of the cathedral in Cleveland.

A grand mass meeting was held in September, in the Music Hall, in favor of Monsignor Thorpe. A committee was appointed to collect the names of all citizens of Cleveland who wished Monsignor Thorpe's appointment. The list with an address was to be handed to Cardinal Gibbons, as the Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in America, asking him to use his influence with Rome that Monsignor Thorpe might be appointed Bishop of Cleveland. One of this committee of three, elected by the people, to present this list to the Cardinal, was Father Kolaszewski, though he had not been personally present at that mass meeting. At that time, Father Kolaszewski had completed the

building of the great Church of St. Stanislaus, which had to be dedicated. As there was no bishop in Cleveland to dedicate that church, Father Kolaszewski intended to go to Baltimore and invite the Cardinal for this special occasion. Then the list of names, bound in book form, was given to him in order that he might present it to the Cardinal. With this double object in view, Father Kolaszewski went to Baltimore, though he had been advised by a friend not to present that list to the Cardinal. But in the innocence of his heart, and trusting in the good cause, he entered the palace of the "Scarlet Prince." He relates his experience with the Cardinal in the following way:

I was introduced by a friend of mine to the Cardinal, who received me most graciously, asking me in the kindest manner what was the object of my visit. Thereupon I invited him to come to Cleveland, on the 22d of November, for the dedication of my new church, describing to him the really magnificent edifice which we had erected. The Cardinal promised me, with amiable words, that he would gladly accept the invitation, if the ceremony could be postponed until the following Sunday, November 29, as he had promised to be present on the 22d of November at the golden jubilee of Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, Mo. I expressed my satisfaction, and so the Cardinal positively promised to come on the 29th of November and dedicate our church.

As a sign of anticipated gratitude I used not only words, but thanked him also in a more tangible and gratifying manner by presenting him a check for \$250, which he, looking at the figures, accepted with a happy smile, and with a dulcet voice he gave me his paternal blessing. When I saw that the Cardinal was ready to terminate our conversation I remembered the list of names I had been holding under my

overcoat all the time, and instead of leaving I presented the unfortunate book to him, saying: "Your Eminence, here is a petition, signed by the citizens of Cleveland, asking you to use your powerful intervention in regard to Monsignor Thorpe's appointment as bishop of Cleveland." Without answering a word, the Cardinal simply accepted the book and read the petition, glancing also through the pages containing the names. But while he was reading, a curious metamorphosis appeared in his features.

The color of his face was rapidly changing from white to red, his whole nervous system was visibly working. His eyes were sparkling and the lines of his face, which had been so smooth and calm a moment ago, became rigid and stern. With a look of contempt, measuring me from head to foot, he threw the book with such violence upon the table that everything on it trembled, and pointing with his outstretched hand to the door, he said in an angry and insulting tone: "That is all, you may go."

To this I had nothing to say, so I bowed and left the room with my friend who had introduced me, and slowly we walked down the stairs. We had not reached the first floor when somebody came running down after us calling my name. I turned, while my friend whispered to me: "It is the chancellor." I stopped to hear what he had to say. Approaching me he handed me my check for \$250, which had found but a few moments ago such a graceful recognition by the Cardinal, and said: "The Cardinal does not want this." With these words, which were spoken with the same rudeness and anger in his voice that he had probably heard from the successor of the Apostles, his noble master, he disappeared, leaving me with plenty of time and material to reflect upon the inconstancy and

passions of men even though they be, or rather claim to be the only representatives of the Man of Nazareth; and to reflect also in what a strange light I had placed myself by being identified with that list of names; and what might be the consequences in the future after having tasted this prelude of the storm in the Cardinal's house; because evidently the Cardinal had somebody else in view for the desirable bishopric. A cloudy notion dawned upon my mind that I was predestined to be the scapegoat of the whole situation. And so, indeed, it proved to be.

The 29th of November, the day fixed for the dedication of our church, came, but no Cardinal arrived. Evidently he considered it no sin at all to break his solemn promise. So our church was dedicated by Monsignor Felix Boff, administrator of the Diocese of Cleveland.

A few days later, a cablegram from Rome announced that the Rev. Ignatius Horstmann, the Chancellor to Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, was appointed by Rome to be Bishop of Cleveland. Horstmann's name was not among the thirteen episcopal candidates which had been sent to Rome. But he was practically the head of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, and his influence had grown so large and powerful that Archbishop Ryan began to entertain some unpleasant feelings, which the common lot of mortals call envy or jealousy, and thus the removal of Horstmann became an object of serious thought to him, and Gibbons was requested to use his influence in Rome to remove him. *Pro-moveatur ut amoveatur*: let him be promoted in order to get rid of him. The scheme succeeded, as the Cardinal is a very great friend of Archbishop Ryan's. This incident will give the reader an idea of what account the voice of the people and the lower clergy in regard to episcopal elections is held in Rome, and by what intrigues the sup-

posed apostolic succession is continued.

By a strange concurrence of circumstances, which sometimes seem casual but in fact are the wonderful leadings of Divine Providence, Father Kolaszewski became sick when the new bishop arrived in Cleveland, and therefore was prevented from taking part in the reception which was tendered to the successor of Gilmour, who at once inquired where the Polish priest Kolaszewski was. The same question he had asked already on another occasion when several priests had gone to Philadelphia to be present at his consecration,

When Father Kolaszewski after four months' sickness was restored to health, so as to be able to go around, he went to pay his respects to the new bishop. When he entered the bishop's reception room and introduced himself, the bishop remained for a moment as if paralyzed. Then asking, "Are you Kolaszewski?" Without waiting for a reply, he said, "You have been working against me." When Father Kolaszewski denied it, Horstmann said he had the proofs in his hand, that he knew Kolaszewski had been agitating for Thorpe, and that he would never forgive him—that hair would grow on the palm of his hand, and Lake Erie become dry, before he would forgive him for the crime of having worked against his elevation to the bishopric. This is the spirit of a Roman bishop. Is it the spirit of meekness and humility, the spirit of love and pardon?

Then began a most bitter persecution of Kolaszewski, which continued until he resigned the parish of St. Stanislaus, which he had created and organized, and left Cleveland on the eighth of June, 1892.

He was received in the diocese of Syracuse, N. Y., and there he organized a new congregation and built a church. When the Polish people of St. Stanislaus Church, in Cleveland, heard that

Father Kolaszewski had left them forever, they became very much excited, and violent demonstrations took place before the church. The people sent delegation after delegation to the bishop, but they were received either with insults and treated by the bishop himself with kicks and blows, or they were not admitted to his presence. They also sent a committee to the apostolic delegate Satolli, but to no effect.

This unchristian treatment exasperated the whole congregation. They refused to go to church, to have their children instructed, and neglected all other religious duties. In the meantime, they sent numerous delegations to the Rev. Kolaszewski to Syracuse, entreating him to return to Cleveland and take care of his old congregation. At last, Father Kolaszewski resolved to obey this call and stand by his people in this critical juncture in their brave fight for religious independence, determined to live and to die with them if necessary, and to sacrifice everything for this great cause which seemed to be assigned to him by Divine Providence.

He returned to Cleveland, and was received with sincere demonstrations of love by his people. A meeting was held, and upon the advice of Father Kolaszewski a committee was appointed to see the bishop and ask him once more to accept their petition and give them back their pastor; for they regarded the bishop still as their spiritual head and would not act against his will. So the committee and their pastor presented themselves to the bishop and explained their desire. But the bishop, addressing Kolaszewski, roughly said: "Never, never will I permit you to organize a congregation here; get out of my presence."

Then Father Kolaszewski answered that he had more right to stand in that palace than Bishop Horstmann, because he and his parents had earned with

their hard labor the money which had built the bishop's house. But all remonstrances were useless. The bishop would not allow Kolaszewski in his diocese, and consequently there was no course for them but to submit as slaves to the autocratic rule of the stubborn bishop, or to disregard his unreasonable opposition and act without his consent. The latter alternative was chosen by the priest and people, and from that moment the new religious movement began. The people became gradually conscious of their rights, and the movement, instead of weakening, increased rapidly, and in a very short time ceased to be a local struggle or difficulty. It spread like fire, and everywhere among the Poles similar organizations sprung up, so that at present there are seventeen independent Polish congregations in the United States, with the chief aim in view, to worship God without asking permission of Roman bishops.

Father Kolaszewski organized the congregation and built a new church in Cleveland, though he suffered during all that time incredible persecutions from the slaves of Bishop Horstmann. His life was several times in danger; his parishoners were dismissed from their employment in the shops and factories; the children of his congregation were insulted at the instigation of nuns; he himself was excommunicated and denounced on every hand. But he stood his ground, and now hopes to bring his people gradually from the Roman superstitions into the light of the Gospel, from the dead elements to the living Christ, seeing that a reformation within the pale of the Roman Church is an impossibility.

With this end in view, he came to New York on April 17, to confer with Rev. James A. O'Connor, with whom he had been already in correspondence for several months. During this time the Po-

lish question has been discussed in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. He was very desirous to learn the evangelical faith, and though tired and weary of the constant fight with wicked ecclesiastics, he is still willing to stand by his people and to lead them up to a still purer worship. He had preached to them twice on the necessity of reading the Scriptures and of trusting in the Word of God alone for light, strength and salvation. After his sermons the people came to him asking for the Bible.

In New York he was introduced by Dr. Pollach, the converted priest and medical missionary, who has been at Christ's Mission for the last four months, to the Secretary of the Bible Society, Dr. MacLean, and his request for Bibles, after due exposition of his case, was cheerfully granted. He obtained 250 copies of the Bible and New Testaments in the Polish language, with an order on the local office of the Bible Society in Cleveland to supply him with more, according to his needs. This kindness of the Bible Society is greatly appreciated.

Sunday evening, April 19, Father Kolaszewski preached at the Reformed Catholic Services in Masonic Temple to a large congregation that was deeply impressed by his earnest manner and zeal for the salvation of souls. He gave evidence in every word of his discourse that he knows the way himself and that he ardently desires to make it known to his people. He spoke of the privilege of Protestants to read the Scriptures and believe in Christ alone as their Saviour and High Priest, trusting in Him who alone is able and willing to help and save mankind. No priest, no bishop, no pope has the power to relieve physical pain or the temporal misfortunes and afflictions of suffering men; much less then can we confide to them our spiritual and eternal welfare. From the Bible we learn what God has done

for our souls, and the suffering and death of Christ, who by His Resurrection designed that we should rise with Him from the condition of sin and spiritual death. But we Catholics, he continued, do not know the Bible, which is a forbidden book, notwithstanding the pretended invitations of the Pope to read and study the Bible. We do not know that the Bible teaches that every sinner may find pardon by coming directly to Christ. When He opened it to His disciples, their hearts burned within them. How can our hearts burn with love to Him if we do not read the Scriptures?

But, he concluded, now the Polish people are striving for liberty in this free country. They want to be treated as men, not as cattle, as their Roman masters and bishops are treating them; they want to be free from the galling yoke that has oppressed them; they want the property of their churches; an active voice in church government; education of their children in public schools, and a more evangelical religion instead of the Roman ceremonial, so that they may be like other American Christians and become good American citizens.

These are not unreasonable desires, but noble aspirations, and we have a right to appeal to the sympathies of the American people, who are sending missionaries to most distant lands. Our hope is that they will not neglect the wonderful movement for independence and liberty of the Polish people right here among them.

After the meeting many members of the congregation heartily congratulated Father Kolaszewski, and expressed their sympathy with the work he was doing in leading his people out of the slavery of Rome. He has a commanding presence, is an eloquent speaker and possesses fine dramatic power, which was displayed when he told of the check he handed Cardinal Gibbons and the latter's wrath over the Father Thorpe petition.

ROMAN CATHOLIC SEMINARIES.

BY PAUL POLLACH, D.D., M.D.

III.

WHATEVER may be the cause or the peculiar influence, bearing upon a young man's mind to link his destiny with the Roman Catholic priesthood, the day comes when he has to bid farewell to his home, when he leaves his parents and is ready to enter into the seminary. It may be his first separation from his mother, it may be the first step he takes alone, that carries him away from the scene of his childhood and from the playground of his youth.

There are moments in every man's life, marking the periods of his development, which leave a lasting impression on each and all epochs of his existence, and sometimes remain alone among the memories of his earlier days like flashes illuminating the dark skies. Each of these moments has an importance more or less far reaching, according to its nature, but perhaps the most weighty of all is the moment, that decides the future calling of a young man. Life is short, while almost each branch of human knowledge and accomplishment is growing in dimension. In order to reach any prominence or perfection, talent and time are required. Time means application, and talent means a natural inclination, or an adaptation for a particular field of labor, which is different almost in each individual, and this inclination or talent must be directed in the right channel, cultivated and elevated.

If the talent is directed in a wrong channel, if the time is lost in uncongenial pursuits, the effect must be surely fatal; the whole life becomes a failure and the place of the shipwrecked sailor remains vacant. It is always painful for a boy to leave home. Farewell implies separation, and separation renders

the loved ones dearer to our heart. I remember well when I first left for college how dreadful I felt in the anticipation of homesickness. There was a strange admixture of an undefinable foreboding, a sensation like sadness and desolation crept over me on that memorable day when I started on my voyage to Rome. An acquaintance of mine, who had a fearful experience in the Roman priesthood, and whose biography will form a surprising and shocking romance of real life, told me that he passed the night before he exchanged his home for the seminary in a horrible agony of mind. I know another priest, a colleague of mine in the gymnasium, who, however, being of a different temper from this priest, drowned his sorrow in beer, enjoying his last night of liberty by spending it in dissipation.

I felt very depressed and downcast when the train started and when the forms of the dear ones, whose eyes and hearts were still following me from the depot, gradually disappeared. But the young mind of 19 summers was too elastic to be curbed and bent under the pressure of affliction. A pang of grief, a sudden tear, and the buoyant spirit, not subdued yet by the wearing and weakening influx of repeated sorrow, promptly reassumed its smooth, careless, and hopeful cheerfulness, when the beautiful variety of hills and valleys, of cottages and towns, and the lovely scenes of nature passed, like a flying panorama, before my eyes. I had no time to mourn over the past and to worry about the future. I was too busy admiring the awful grandeur of the Alps, the majesty of the boundless ocean upon which I gazed in Triest for the first time with an overwhelming feeling of wonder and astonishment; I

was delighted in wandering in the company of my historical reminiscences through the watery streets of Venice, and absorbed in visiting the antiquities of Florence, and charmed all the way long with the enchanting views of the Italian landscape, the garden of the earth, until I reached Rome.

When I arrived in the eternal city I was filled with that profound sense of fear and reverence which we experience when treading on "sacred ground." I had expected that the history of 3,000 years, crowded in my brain, would rush through my mind, but I must say that everything was condensed in the one absorbing thought, that the spot where I stood had an immortal significance for the destiny of the human race.

Preoccupied and fascinated by this imposing idea, I was driven in a cab through the streets of the city, and at last, breathing an atmosphere of poetry and devotion, reached the seminary of the Propaganda. The large and sombre building, with its old walls and architecture, was well adapted to deepen my reverential mood and to impress me as the abode of holiness and peace. Most of the students approach the seminary with such a feeling of veneration, except if positively forced to enter. They are young, inexperienced and unconscious of the consequences of the step they are taking. Sometimes well educated and pious young men voluntarily knock at the door of the seminary, animated by the pure desire to consecrate themselves entirely to the service of God. They are always gladly accepted by the Bishop, even in the case when the parents are opposed; because if the parental authority is exalted, when the parents are the offering party, their power is minimized and pronounced rescinded, when they are disapproving, on the principle strangely invoked and applied that God rather than man must be obeyed. These students cross the thresh-

old of the seminary with a noble ideal in their soul, but sooner or later there comes a day in their lives when almost all of them look back with different sentiments upon the day that began with lofty desires and seemed to indicate a foretaste of happiness. The newcomer is always well received. The rector has his friendliest smile, the vice-rector and the prefect of the division are ready to lead him through the building, to show him the apartments and introduce him to the spiritual director and also the students. The latter greet him with hearty joy, like prisoners whose burden seems more bearable when shared by others. The rules are, of course, not enforced the first few days, but the new student receives a copy with an intimation to read them carefully. His books and other effects are closely examined and everything consigned to the wardrobe. According to his proficiency in studies he receives his room or place in a corresponding division, because the students are divided in classes or sections, which by themselves form little communities.

In Rome, such a class is called a *camerata*. Each *camerata* is entirely separated from another, and the relationship between them is as strained as between the castes of India, for the students of one division are strictly forbidden to speak, notice or visit each other. Among the first proceedings is a visit to the tailor. The new student must become a new man, and a new man must have a new coat. In Rome, especially, the students, as well as other ecclesiastics, must wear the cassock at home and in public. Each college has some peculiarity either in the shape or color of the student's dress. For instance, the boys in the German college, called the *Germanicum*, are wrapped up in a red cassock, with a black sash and a large triangular black hat. Others have blue, violet or black uniforms.

Upon arriving at the College of the Propaganda, I was at once ushered into the rector's room. Unable to speak Italian, I expressed myself in Latin as well as I could, and felt perfectly satisfied with the captivating and smiling countenance of my future Superior. The next thing was an acquaintance with the vice rector, who conducted me through the building, the chapel, the dining room, and class-rooms. At last I was consigned to the prefect of my class who introduced me to my fellow students. The division in which I was placed occupied a large hall, which received light from two windows. Sixteen cells, each 6 feet high and 6 feet wide, dark boxes or pigeon holes, constructed of thin wood, with a door for each cell, made in the style of blinds, so as to admit a little air, occupied about one-third of the space round the wall. Each cell was furnished with an iron frame bed and a rough wooden chair. Opposite each cell was a desk, serving at once as bookstand and chest of drawers. In a corner of the hall I saw a greasy old table with a number of oil lamps upon it, which were of brass and after the fashion of the old Roman lamp. Near by was a kind of washstand or stone basin, connected with three faucets attached to a water pipe.

I remained for a moment motionless at the door as I glanced over that room and beheld the students sitting at their desks. The whole scene, fitting for Dante's purgatory, was somewhat shocking. There was the dark room, the cells, the desks, and the poor boys, sitting and watching me silently, until the prefect rang a bell as a sign that they were permitted to rise and speak with me. A chilling surprise and disappointment, mingled with the contrast and the remembrance of the dear home, which I had recently left, seized my heart and extorted a sigh. It seemed to me in that moment as if

some calamity had befallen me, and as if a sorrowful voice were repeating to me the words which Hector addressed to Aeneas: "Say, what adventure hath brought thee hither alive; dost thou come driven by the casualties of the main, or by the direction of the gods? or, what fortune compels thee to visit these dreary mansions, troubled regions, where the sun never shines?"

I mention my feelings on that occasion, because they exemplify the first impression which most of the young men receive when they enter their new alma mater and view their surroundings, which are in all seminaries alike, with few exceptions:

If they were born in a decent home, and brought up under the loving eyes of a tender mother, the repulsiveness of that place cannot fail to strike their feelings severely and give perhaps a deadly blow to their cherished ideals. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

A bright boy of 18, who had the typical name of Brown, a fair son of Nova Scotia, arrived in the Propaganda College one morning. After having surveyed the field, he looked rather dismayed and remained absolutely silent. In the evening he announced to the rector his resolution of returning home. The next day he was on the train again.

It seemed to most of us a foolish act, but indeed the boy was wise, and simply showed his good sense and judgment. Of course the majority survive the first shock, as I did, and swallow the bitter pill. Pride, shame, fear, and other human respects gain the victory over disgust and suffering. The eye sees the things present, but hope penetrates the dark and sees better days coming; youth is living in the future, feeding on ambition and expectation, and, forgetful of the present, ascends on the wings of hope, which is as Byron says:

"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray."

ROME'S HOPES AND FEARS.

BY PAUL POLLACH, D.D., M.D.

The leading daily newspapers are busy night and day to inform us of the passing events of the political and social world, interspersing their long columns with the stirring narratives of the sad dramas, taken from daily life. But hardly one issue appears without announcing and magnifying some fact or some notice concerning the Roman Catholic Church.

You cannot take a paper in hand without having placed under your eyes constantly a description of the ceremonies in this or that church, on the occasion of such and such a saint; you have to take notice what Archbishop Corrigan has done or not done yesterday, and what he will do to-morrow. You are systematically informed what Cardinal Satolli is thinking, speaking and doing, and how he sleeps, eats and travels. This is very significant. The daily papers certainly do not profess by it a heartfelt love, or any special church predilection. To them it is simply a matter of business. Compare only the meagre notices which the large Protestant churches receive individually, or collectively, if there is no sensational element involved. A good murder story, or romantic suicide, is of incomparably more worth to a newspaper than all sermons and church affairs summed together. Where then is the secret of success which the Catholic Church has achieved with the daily papers? The secret lies in the latest movement, that has for its main purpose the growth of Roman Catholic influence through the press.

The Pope, recognizing the spirit of the age, and conscious of the entire lack and deficiency of able and intelligent Catholic papers, has of late repeatedly recommended an earnest crusade against "the deplorable condition under which society labors, and for the defence of the

church." The New York *Catholic News*, March 22, 1896, says, that the Pope spoke to Father Zocchi, a Jesuit priest, in the following terms: "Father, write articles; they will bring more fruit than sermons, for where the preacher's word cannot reach, there newspapers do reach, and people read them who never go to a sermon."

The *Catholic News*, commenting on these words, says: "The Pope is a wise man. His words, concerning the Catholic press, are particularly timely these days to the Catholics in the United States." As long as this crusade is contained within the limits of the Catholic papers, nobody has any objection, but the question assumes a different aspect when the secular papers are called to co-operate. This means propaganda for the Catholic Church, and the moulding of public opinion in favor of Rome by the instrumentality of the press. Such a method deserves no other name than political agitation, not to speak of the indecency in a church, claiming the Christian name, to resort to secular aid, such as the daily press, to establish the Kingdom of Christ.

In the middle ages, it was the secular arm, the sword of emperors and kings, that was the faithful or coveted associate of Rome. But the time of emperors and kings, (alas! says Rome) is passed, and now public opinion rules. And so it is now the powerful organ of public opinion, the press, which is wanted and called upon.

It clearly shows the real nature and condition of the Roman Catholic Church to-day. There are only two ways to maintain an institution; it must either answer the requirements of the time and meet an actual need, or it must create and advocate an imaginary need. The first method is a natural one, and an institution adopting it needs no other guarantee for its existence: the second method is the artificial one. An insti-

tution resorting to artificial methods only shows that intrinsically it has no *raison d'être*, nothing that would naturally meet the requirements of the time. This is the reason why the Roman Catholic Church, losing the influence on the individual consciences in Europe, endeavors to save her prestige and last struggle for power by diplomatic agitations and alliances with the court and political rulers of all creeds and no creeds, and is trying to do the same thing here in this country.

What the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church (party?) want is notoriety.

To ignore them, especially in their vain vegetation and spreading of parasite leaves, would be the best and most appropriate treatment. "See and pass by," as Dante says. This does not mean that we should clear the field and let them have the victory, or let them manage and mismanage as they please. But this constant occupation with their petty internal affairs is almost equivalent to an implicit confession that we are deeply concerned and interested in their obsolete rites, their childish mediaeval pomp of thrones, purple robes, mitres and processions.

We are oftentimes surprised at certain effects which appear to us unexpected, but we forgot the part which we contributed to their development. Of two things is the Roman Catholic Church afraid: first, to be ignored; second, to be kept within due limits without privileges.

SATOLLI'S SOLILOQUY.

DR. PAUL POLLACH, who knows Cardinal Satolli well, having been his pupil for many years in the Roman Propaganda, thinks that the following might be the thoughts of this astute individual some morning at his residence in Washington, before he is recalled to

Rome, where he expects to be Pope when Leo XIII. has shuffled off his mortal coil.

I had no idea, said Satolli to himself, what a fine country America is until I had a chance to see it. It is indeed worthy of our best energies, and every effort should be strained to further our influence and gradually obtain absolute power on this rich and glorious continent. It required a good deal of diplomatic trickery to introduce and gain a recognition for my title and office as apostolic delegate, and my heart trembled more than once, not knowing how things might turn out.

But, praise the Lord, I am now a Cardinal; that means my mission was a success. I have done well, the dangers are practically overcome and the prospects of the Holy Father are brighter than ever. America will be ours; yes, ours with full right. St. Thomas says that the spiritual authority being superior to the civil power has to rule supremely and govern the princes and nations of the world.

The American nation will be the grandest on earth and we must by all means win it for Rome. Upon my honor, they are the most sensible people in the world; they know how to live. Here, I had for breakfast a tender beefsteak with vegetables, which I never saw in my life before, a bottle of the best wine, and fruits from California. In Rome, I got for breakfast a cup of coffee, the color of which I was never able to discover.

When I come to think of the magnificent life I am leading here, I am sorry I shall have to leave. From Maine to Texas, I am carried as in triumph, received with pomp and splendor, and treated as a king. Glory be to God, we will have a better country here than in Italy. In Rome, I am nobody.

A Cardinal! Who cares in Rome for a Cardinal. The people scorn them and

laugh at them. They see too many of them and know them too well; but here, there is a virgin soil. Cicero said, that on the back of Italy he was carried to Rome. I was carried through America on the back of Rome. Special trains, which King Humbert himself cannot afford, are ready for my convenience, and the proud American Cardinal and bishops, who in the beginning ventured to make faces at me, are now rivalling to invite and flatter me. I am constantly the talk of the newspapers and every word I say is a matter of importance and sensation.

Undoubtedly I am a great man here, they all tell me so, and even the Protestants (may the blessed Virgin convert them all!) join in my praises; indeed, I am getting to believe myself that I am a big man, and perhaps, after Cleveland, the biggest man in the United States. No, I am in no hurry to go home; besides what shall I do there? Sink back into obscurity, become a member of some congregation and finish my solitary life in a flat in a Roman lodging house! I cannot bear the idea of driving all my life with two meagre horses through the streets of Rome dressed in the inglorious red robe of a cardinal. The pope will, without doubt, very soon order me back, but I can tell him that my presence here is still very much needed on account of the dangerous movement of that impious society called the A. P. A., especially now so near the presidential election. I am sure I can find sufficient reasons to protract my stay here for a time, and I am decided to use this time well and to make as much out of it as I can. What I need is money. The Pope is old and something will soon happen. If I go back to Italy a poor man, I am sure the Holy Ghost will never strike me as the successor of Leo, notwithstanding that I am the best philosopher and best theologian among the whole crowd of

cardinals. Here the American clergy and people would look favorably upon my election, and I confess that I myself desire it.

Whosoever desires a bishopric, says the Apostle Paul, desires a good thing; a better thing yet do I therefore desire, wishing to become the Bishop of Bishops. The good American people have stamped on their dollar "In God we trust;" now I trust that the dollars, thus consecrated to God, might be very useful in Italy to move the hearts of the sacred college. I have very few friends among them; but I know one-third of them are as poor as church mice.

There is Cardinal Monaco who would not refuse a nice present of a few thousand dollars. Cardinal Parocchi cannot vote for himself, and I know he is not a very great friend of the French and Austrian proteges. Surely, a round sum would probably incline him in my favor.

There are the two Cardinals, Oreglia and Bianchi, who need money for their numerous nephews. Money in Italy is scarce. The price for masses is not so generous as here in this blessed country—more than twenty cents for a mass is an exception, and the Pope has no superfluous money to maintain the princes of the church in a decent manner. I don't know about Vanutelli, because he is supported by Austria, but Mocenni would be accessible to the attraction of greenbacks.

Masella is a Jesuit, and doesn't love me, but Rampolla might become my friend. Why, there is Mertel and Verga, and DeRuggiero! Oh, power of money, what would St. Thomas say, if he knew the conditions of our age?

(Here Satolli rises from the chair and walks through his room.)

The French, English and German cardinals and all foreigners have no chance to be elected. I am Italian; I am famous; I have a few friends among

the cardinals and I can make some more. I must get money. I must collect a million dollars before I leave the country and then go to work. These bishops here are only too glad to receive me and to oblige me; why should I not avail myself of the opportunity and collect a Peter's pence, which in all probability may belong to me soon by right.

Yes, I will call in my secretary and arrange for the next trip.

CARDINAL MANNING.

THE sensation of the year thus far in ecclesiastical and literary circles in England has been the "Life of Cardinal Manning," by E. S. Purcell, published by Macmillan & Co. The work is in two large thick volumes of 1,550 pages, the first volume relating to Manning's life as a Protestant, and the second exhibiting him as a Romanist. We have read these volumes carefully—especially the second—with absorbing interest, and shall give copious extracts from Manning's diaries and autobiographical notes in our review of the work.

It is one of the most remarkable biographies ever published relating to high Roman ecclesiastics. Mr. Purcell has allowed the Cardinal to tell some very plain truths that tell strongly against the Roman Church. The publication has been denounced by the highest Roman ecclesiastics in England, Cardinal Vaughan saying it was a crime on Mr. Purcell's part to allow so many plain truths to see the light. There is no question but the publication has been a severe blow to the pride of English Catholics, and that it has greatly damaged the course of Romanism in that country. Lest our Roman Catholic readers should think that we are stating the case too strongly we will first of all quote part of the review of the book that appeared in the *New York Tribune*, January 12, 1896. Our

readers at a distance should know that the literary articles in the *Tribune* are by the best writers, and this review of Manning is no exception. Indeed it is the best that we have seen in any paper. The *Tribune* reviewer says:

To those interested in the great religious movement in which Cardinal Manning was a participant, Mr. Purcell's book will be profoundly interesting. In most respects, indeed, it is a model biography, we had almost said autobiography; for it is largely made up of Manning's letters, extracts from his diaries, journals and autobiographical notes which he made especially to be used in this work and all of which he turned over to Mr. Purcell before his death. These rich materials, together with the substance of numerous personal conversations with the Cardinal, have been woven into a sustained narrative by Mr. Purcell with considerable literary skill and with commendable self-effacement. It is always Manning and never his chronicler who occupies the centre of the stage, and we may add in passing that this is in exact accordance with what Manning himself would have most ardently wished. Moreover, the biographer deals honestly with his materials. Even when they prove most conclusively that Manning's character was by no means perfect, he makes little or no attempt to break their force by sophistical arguments. The reader is put in possession of all the facts at hand, and from them is expected to form his own judgment as to the character and career of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

It must be said, indeed, that Mr. Purcell is somewhat deficient in the quality of imagination, that he has almost no sense of humor, and that, being a Roman Catholic, he naturally writes as a Roman Catholic partisan. We note one fling at Mr. Gladstone, and a number of bitter allusions to the Anglican Church, that are blemishes even from the literary and artistic point of view. But, as a whole, the work is so well done that we are not disposed to dwell on its faults. It will have a permanent value, not so much because it records the life of Manning, as because in doing so it necessarily records some part, at least, of one of the most remarkable

recrudescent movements in the history of Christianity.

The father of Henry Edward Manning was a man of wealth and a member of parliament, and the son expected to enter political life under the most favorable auspices. But his father's bankruptcy made him change his purpose after he had graduated from Oxford University. His friends told him that the only road to distinction that lay before him was in the Anglican Church, and though he acknowledged that he had no "divine call" or special qualifications for the ministry he resolved to take orders. As a youth, we are told, "he lived an egotistic life, in which what he thought, said and did seemed to be the point around which everything centred." The thought of being a clergyman was at first repulsive to him, but when he saw that no other career was open to him and was assured of an "agreeable curacy," he decided to become a parson.

He found very little difficulty, continues the *Tribune* reviewer, in adjusting himself to the 'agreeable curacy' of Lavington, and to a Merton fellowship, even though they did involve Holy Orders. Judging by the standards of the time, he deserves no special reprobation for this; for greater men than he have entered the Anglican ministry from the same motives.

He fell easily and naturally into the pleasant ways of a country parson. He was most exemplary in the performance of his clerical duties. He married the daughter of the previous rector and succeeded to the rectorship. His short married life appears to have been ideally happy, but in later days he never referred to his marriage, and many English Catholics never knew that he had been married. According to his biographer, his reticence was due to his belief that his influence as a priest would be lessened if the fact of his marriage were known.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In our next issue we shall relate the story of Manning's marriage.

Literary Note.

"From the Roman Catholic Altar to the Protestant Pulpit," is the title of an excellent little volume by Rev. Francis Watry, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, and now pastor of a Congregational Church in Clayton, California. We greatly admire the spirit in which this pamphlet is written.

The author treats of his own conversion and presents in a forcible manner and gentle spirit the position of Roman Catholic priests in their blind following of popes, cardinals and bishops, and says that the general belief prevails among Catholics that when a priest renounces his faith and espouses Protestantism he has lost balance of mind or is altogether an unbeliever in Christianity; that although the Romish system cripples the seekers for truth, some of her priests have the courage to break over these barriers and allow their consciences the freedom which finally leads them into the true Gospel light. He credits this increasing enlightenment of the priesthood to free American institutions, and the liberal spirit which is everywhere working in the minds of men in enlightened countries, and especially in our own great republic. Catholics are beginning to see that there "is something on the other side of the wall" worth looking into.

He was first led to "look over the wall" in order to know what the errors of Protestants were, that he might the better be able to warn his flock against them. In thus searching, he was led to embrace the Protestant faith. The price of this interesting and well written pamphlet is 25 cents. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, publishers.

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC will be sent from now to the end of the year to new subscribers for fifty cents. We hope each of our present subscribers will endeavor to secure a new one.

GOOD NEWS OF THE ESCAPED MONK, E. J. GLEASON.

Our readers will remember the case of the young monk whose letter was published in the *MARCH CONVERTED CATHOLIC* in which he asked for assistance in getting out of the Dominican Monastery in Somerset, Ohio, where he had been a member of the Order since he was seventeen years old. After eight years of prison life in that Monastery it was only natural that he should wish to leave it—as natural as it was for Fred Douglass or any other black man in the days of slavery to seek his freedom and use every honorable means to obtain it. Christian friends all over the United States had an “underground railroad” for helping the Southern slaves to escape, and many a “brother in black” availed himself of this road to freedom.

Our young monk in Ohio, whose letters show that he is very intelligent, had doubtless read of the escape of those colored brethren, and had spent many anxious hours thinking how he could get away from a place where body and soul were held in bondage. The good Providence of God directed his thoughts to Christ's Mission, and when one lucky day he saw that the Superior of the Monastery had taken a little extra wine after his morning's mass, and that it would be safe to send out a letter, to use his own words, he “availed himself of the opportunity” to communicate with us. With great pleasure we assisted him to escape, and he is now a student at Mr. Moody's famous Bible Institute in Chicago, where he is preparing for the Gospel ministry. Last month we wrote to Rev. R. A. Torrey, the wise, learned and good superintendent of the Bible Institute, asking him to receive our young friend, and on April 15 we received the following reply:

DEAR BROTHER O'CONNOR:

The young man, E. J. Gleason, has just called this morning from the Monastery at Somerset, Ohio. We will do what we can for him. I like his appearance very well, indeed.

Sincerely yours,

R. A. TORREY.

Since then we have received letters from Mr. Gleason saying he is delighted with the institute, “The study here,” he says, “is the Bible, and is just what I need. I shall follow the lectures carefully. I am quite happy.”

We would like to send copies of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* to every Monastery and Convent in the United States. It would prove an “underground railroad” for many of the unfortunate monks and nuns to escape. Let our friends send us the addresses of any inmates of those institutions who may be like our friend Mr. Gleason with the desire for freedom burning within their hearts and longing to escape. When they write to us we will help them.

Kind Words.

The leading religious papers in every section of the country have been saying many kind things of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* recently. We can find room for only a few extracts.

The *New York Independent*, which is accounted the foremost undenominational paper in the world, in its issue of April 9, 1896, says:

“*THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, is edited by Father O'Connor, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, who now conducts evangelistic services every Sunday in the Masonic Temple, Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third street. Volume XII. contains the monthly parts of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* for the year 1895. It keeps up the war on Romanism with a keen pen, but with every intention to be fair. (James A. O'Connor, 142 West Twenty-first street, \$1.00 per annum.)”

CHRIST'S MISSION DEBT.

In the March CONVERTED CATHOLIC the work of Christ's Mission was fully explained as follows:

Christ's Mission is a home where Roman Catholic priests can find a refuge when they leave the Roman Church. There are many good Catholic priests, spiritually minded men, whose consciences revolt against the false and superstitious practices of their Church, and they know not the way to escape from their uncongenial surroundings. As Dr. John Hall has said, "Such men are in a pitiable condition." It is for such men that a Home has been established in Christ's Mission where they can learn the Christian way of life as taught in God's Word and be prepared for useful careers. It has been the privilege of Rev. James A. O'Connor, the pastor of Christ's Mission, to welcome forty-two such priests out of the Roman Catholic Church and help them to a better life. The Mission is a door that leads from Romanism to Protestantism, and every priest who comes to it can enter through that door with the certainty that a cheerful welcome awaits him. The churches are open to him, and the fellowship of Christian friends becomes his portion. Best of all, the Saviour of men fulfils His promise: "I will give you rest."

It is a privilege and a pleasure to welcome priests to Christ's Mission, but there are attendant cares and responsibilities of which those outside the Mission circle know nothing. The difficulties of a work of this kind can be understood by those who have had experience with Roman Catholics, and those who have been happily free from such intercourse can imagine what they are. But there is one obstacle to the progress of the work which all can understand—that is, the debt on the Mission building. This debt can be paid if our good friends will make a united effort.

Most gratifying results have followed the announcement that an effort would be made to pay off the debt this year.

Several contributions were received in March. In April larger subscriptions reached us. A gentleman in Ohio sent \$100. A dear friend sent \$50 from Philadelphia. A lady of this city contributed \$50; another dear friend sent \$25 from Chicago; and from other good friends came one subscription of \$10, one of \$5, five of \$2, and two of \$1. To this amount we have the pleasure of adding \$1,000 received on April 15 by Mrs. William Campbell, the treasurer of the Mission, from a lady in this city.

Receipts for April, \$1,252; receipts for March, \$88; total, \$1,340.

Deducting this amount from the debt of \$10,000, leaves the present debt now due on the Mission \$8,660. Toward the payment of this we have promises of \$250, \$85, \$25, \$500 and \$100, the last two contributions to be paid when the whole amount is subscribed. That leaves only \$7,700 to be raised to wipe out the whole debt. And the scale of subscriptions suggested in March can be rearranged as follows:

80	Subscriptions of \$50	= \$4,000
100	"	" \$20 = \$2,000
100	"	" \$10 = \$1,000
100	"	" \$5 = \$ 500
100	"	" \$2 = \$ 200

Total, \$7,700

What a relief the payment of this amount would be to the workers in the Mission! All our energies could then be devoted to the spiritual part of the work. We thank God and our good friends for what has been accomplished, and we earnestly hope other friends will contribute what they can toward the payment of this \$7,700.

Contributions can be sent to the treasurer of the Mission, Mrs. William Campbell, 18 West 70th street, New York, or to the pastor, James A. O'Connor, 142 West 21st street, New York.